MOORE'S

RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · LEGISLATION · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR: | "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." | SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XII. NO. 14.] | ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861. | [WHOLE NO. 586.

THE ROBOT CONGRESS.

In these bitter days, when the powers shroud desire to put in practice a new dogma in the science of government, an Extraordinary Congress is called, and the idea promulgated, when two or more of three same nations, adopting the habitat as their platform of principles, have deplored the unsanity, destroyed the national credit, carried sorrow and desolation to the hearts and firesides of thousands, and with for a *dignified* mode of looking out, this a Peace Congress is sought as the means of exit. "Brother Jonathan," however, has likewise presented this order of affairs. Our doctrines were born, bred, and nest out to the conflict of thought by the "sovereign people," and when summons for a "sundy war," the Representatives gathered in the city of "magnificent distances," and sounded the object. It has become fashionable to hold meetings with this special designation upon matters, important or unimportant, (the latest agitation has a Southern prefix,) and as we "may as well be out of the world as out of fashion," we bring before READ readers one worthy of serenity and careful consideration,—A Home Congress, with Delegates from the Four Quarters of the Globe.

The central figure, at the upper portion of the engraving, is a true representative of the *Shetland* race, unquestionably the most remarkable of all European ponies. These are to be found in all the northern Scottish isles, but the most distinctive, and at the same time the most perfect, are natives of the *Shetland* Archipelago of Teil and Cant. The average height of the Shetlander is nine or ten hands, and none are considered truly bred which exceed eleven hands,—three feet eight inches. Many are found which do not exceed thirty or thirty-two inches, and are, consequently, inferior in size to some of the largest Newfoundland dogs. The hardiness of these little fellows is remarkable. Henry William Bessemer says, "out of many hundreds which we have seen,—sometimes in droves of fifty or sixty at a time, traveling down from their native moors and mountains, the ragged, rattish, most comical looking little quadrupeds ever eye dwelt upon, driven by a gigantic six foot Highlander, perched upon the back, perhaps, of the smallest of the number,—we never saw a lame Shetlander." In their native isles they are as wild as the sheep, never herded, sheltered, or fed, picking up a livelihood from the tender shoots of the heather, and the coarse grasses growing among it. Even when domesticated they but little change. Oats are unknown to them, and a few handfuls of meadow-hay, or barley straw, is a perfect banquet. Their speed is not great, but they will cover comfortable ground under a load of 100 to 200 pounds. With a great sulking Highlander on his back,—apparently better fitted to carry the pony, than the pony to carry him,—he will accomplish fifty miles between sunrise and sunset. The colors of the Shetlanders are generally black, dark brown, and a sort of russet-colored sorrel. Whitehead pays more attention to piebalds and blacks, as considered the best of the race.

The *Scotch Pony* is first cousin to the gentleman we have just described, and is his neighbor, on the left of our engraving. This pony is an altered pattern of the Shetlander. He possesses the compactness, the close barrel, strong legs, sturdy and fearful, but no such large neck, higher withers, and finer hair in the mane and tail. His ordinary height is from eleven to thirteen hands. The Scotch pony is the second step to an English boy's education in the art of horsemanship, as they often possess a fair turn of speed, can keep very cheerily have all the endurance, but if we adopt the English standard for height, their position is among the horses, the plain assigned nestling over thirteen hands. The Canadian horse, where there is no cross of the England-

SCOTCH PONY. THE HUNTER, OR THOROUGH-BRED. FARMER'S HOOD MARE. SHETLAND PONY. ARABIAN. CANADIAN. THOROUGH-BRED. DRAUGHT HORSE.—CLYDESDALE.

E.B. & H.W. BENNETT, SC.

sion show action, than their similar countrymen. The sire is one of our Scotch friend in a genuine Canadian, as the countenance readily indicates. In this country they are often classed among the pony

Glengarry-breed, is undoubtedly of French Norman origin. His characteristics are a small rather large, but well formed; very broad forehead, full cheek, and a strong shoulder; a stout, strongly-formed barrel, compactness. Intended is very apt to be a fault in this point; excellent loins; muscular thighs; fashioned legs and feet, for toughness and hardiness, not to be equaled. Immunity from disease of the legs and feet, is a marked quality in the French Canadian, even when ill-ground, ill-bred, and subject to every hardship. An intelligent writer, well versed in the peculiarities of this particular race, states that "there are numbers of horses in Canada which, under a mass of shaggy hair, seem tethered, and rarely cleaned or dried, possess for, every legs, on which the sweetest nerves never raise a wind-gall. The prevailing color of the Canadian is black; next, rich dark brown. When treebred, they are remarkable for the great volume of their manes and tails, with the wavy texture of the hairs composing them, for the shaggy coating of their heads, sinews sound to the bone, and of their fetlocks. They attain to fourteen and a half hands in their best sire. Their powers of endurance are excellent, for though not reckoned speedy, they will travel for a considerable period."

Notwithstanding all the points which Canadian horses are said by those best calculated to judge of their merits, it is a remarkable fact that, even in these days of agricultural progress, no systematic attempts have been made to improve the breed in a pure form. Quite a number of experiments by crossing of have been carried through, and with great success. The authority we have hereabove quoted, gives it as his opinion that "no one probably is more susceptible of direct improvement than this, and as their excellence is universally acknowledged, both on the small, poor farmer's working and draught horse, for which they are adapted above all American breeds, and as breed mares, from which to raise highly improved and useful and general working roadster, by breeding them to thorough-breds, it is certain that this is an end most favorably to be wished."

The central figure represents the *Oriental* blood of the desert, originating, it is thought, in the nations of the warmer countries to which the horse in its present form has, from time immemorial, been indigenous. To this breed of horses are the English indebted for the unrivalled excellence of their races, which, under the offspring of a judicious cross of the Orientals. The countries from which an Oriental strain of blood is obtainable, are Arabia, Syria, Persia, Turkistan, the Barbary States, Nubia, and Abyssinia. The form of the Arabian will not please every judge of the horse, but none will deny the beauty of the head. Broad and square forehead, short and fine muzzle, prominent and brilliant eye, small ears, and the beautiful curve of the veins, always characterize the head of the Arabian horse. The shoulder, in this breed, is generally unassisted. The withers are high, the muscles gradually inclined backward, and so nicely adjusted that in descending a hill the edge never reflects the skin. The body is considered full, and short measure, but behind the arms the barrel swells out, inviting additional room for the lungs. The Arabian is seldom more than fourteen hands high, but

Just below the Arabian we have, on the left, the *Hunter* or *Trotter*, and on the right the

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Thorough-bred. "The English thorough-bred," with which the American is identical,—says Blaine, "constitutes a larger proportion of the blood than Arabian blood," and to one or the other of these, doubtless, may be traced the origin of our horses.

The *Clydesdales* are represented at the base of our engraving, by the right-hand horse. These horses are found most extensively in the neighborhood of the Frith of Clyde, in Scotland, whence they are the Clyde steer, in beefiness and symmetry of form, and are especially valuable for the purposes of agriculture. Indeed, there is almost no farm which does not possess better adapted for single horse carts, or that can get cultivated by a single horse carts, or that can get cultivated by a single horse work in the same time. They are for the most part powerful horses, standing about sixteen hands high, and are extremely active. They have bulk and muscle enough to bear heavy loads and long legs; and some of them are very fleet horses. What from these diverse facts, they are certainly a most valuable kind of animal for general purposes. As regards their origin, etc., we are told that as fast of Hamilton imported some Dutch mares, a breed even much thought of, into the district of the Clyde, and being crossed with the native breed, (probably the ancient pack-horse,) that in course the females of the race highly approved and Clydesdale. The prevailing color is bluish; but there are also many brown, and some gray. Some of the horses are susceptible of much improvement, by careful selection in breeding, and avoiding the evils which we have pointed out as those to which the breed are prone.

We come now to the *Farmers' Breed Mare*,—the left-hand figure of our picture,—and though we cannot say what is the origin, or pedigree, blood there is for this variety,—whether she is of high or low degree,—there is a good deal about her which calls up memories of "long ears," when she carried on after the cows, or took the grain to mill. She carries thought of her pedigree,—she possessed blemishes and gentleness, with a docility of manner and becoming her years, and we not that enough to fill the heart and win the affection of a boy? We thought to them,—we think so yet,—but we have not seen her for years. We read in after the noble animal which had so carefully borne the Lancaster and Hunter, in her palmier days, because she can no longer satisfy his cupidity, has a heap of silver in his breeches.

THE DAIRY.—NO. V.

THE COW AND HER KEEPER.

The conclusion to be arrived at from Mr. Brenan's experiments, is the important fact that it is to the power of the cow to so feed his cows that they will maintain their condition and a full flow of milk all the winter through, and that the highest profit of cows is only obtained by supplying her with special food, rich in the elements which constitute the valuable portion of her product.

We further find the essential elements of success consist in properly shielding the cows, cooking and feeding it warm to the animal, which in winter should be kept in a warm place, and neglected to shade in the last number, that he keeps his cows in rooms where the temperature is kept at 55°, as near as possible.

His cow-shed building combines the advantages of the dairy and cold-feeding, as he does not permit the air to circulate freely in it, on the contrary, compels a pure vent they go out to the barnyard. In this process, he usually keeps a cow from one to three days.

As the question very properly arises, can his plan be followed by all farmers with equal success? to say I answer, very decidedly, that it cannot; for everything depends upon location. Near cities or large towns, where there is a ready market for milk at all times, as well as for milk and butter, it would no doubt pay to adopt a plan of high-feeding as he has done, but in the larger portion of the dairy region, a modification will be required. Then, where milk cannot be grown to advantage, as in many of the more eternal dairy regions, or where, by reason of expensive transportation, it could not be had as remunerating prices, high-feeding would fail to furnish. Still it would be well to consider whether no improvement upon the present system could not be made. In the winter keeping, in particular, very many farmers everywhere, who keep cows, could imitate Mr. Brenan in the keeping of their animals in warm and well ventilated stables. But important do I consider warmth to a cow in winter, that unless I could keep her in a stable where the season would not freeze to cold weather, I would not keep cows at all.

Again, the steaming of food, and feeding it warm, is another important consideration, and one that no farmer, who has any considerable number of cows, can overlook without a total disregard of profit. It is the cow's only fault in the winter, the accumulation in her increased condition, a surplus of material which, when she comes into milk, will help to keep up the increased flow for harvest what she thus has to lose from cold. The difference in the quality of milk from a cow that has had generous keeping through the winter, and one that has barely come out in spring thin, with scarcely enough milk to set up rising, can only be appreciated by those who have tried the experiment. *My own opinion is*, that the increased product of the one as equal to the full value of the other, when they both come to the pail. So well is this understood by experienced dairymen, that they expect some years of decay in the productive grain for the winter feed of their cows. Summer feeding may not pay, but I have found it a common thing among those farmers who were making the most profit from their cows, to prepare for feeding their cows with grain feed as soon as their pastures began to fail, and the favorite food for this purpose seems to be Indian corn, steamed. It has been shown by many that whatever will assist the cow in obtaining the largest amount of food at the greatest expense, will ultimately recompense the owner, and he is a serious loser if he omits that particular.

Where cows cannot be grown with profit, roots and cabbages can, and a supply of green food can be kept up with the exception until the dairy season is over. And roots can be cultivated to advantage in every locality, and good grass grown, and a supply secured for a stable crop. But to make the winter feeding profitable warmth is indispensable.

It is easily profitable to reduce the improvement in farms and stations to an now being built in all sections of Illinois. Perhaps some of the best can be found in Kendall county. There are farms and stables in that County which, for convenience, and for protection to the animal, cannot be excelled in the most favored portions of the State. But model farms are by no means confined to this County. They can be found through the whole dairy range, and their improvement is a timely and safe indication of the prosperous condition of the community around them. Still there is yet a void to be supplied by the dairy-man in his improved department of his business.

Said a successful dairyman, whose herd consisted of some forty cows, "I am never satisfied, unless, when cold weather sets in, I can put on my Gipsies, and sit down by the fire, I feel that my cows are so and well down by the fire, I feel that my cows are so comfortable as I am." And this, I apprehend, is the key to the profitable wintering of the cows and other stock.

Special rules are not purposed to be given, but many suggestions drawn from the practice of others. To be successful with the cow, she must be at all times well fed with proper food, and in winter, fed, stabled with warm shelter, dry and well ventilated, and in summer an ample supply of food must be provided to supply her waste when the pastures fail. In other words, we must give cow that you will not be the loser by your kindness. Treat her well, feed her well, and what is quite as well, your profits.—P.

MINNESOTA—SOIL, CLIMATE, &c.

HENNEPIN, Minn.—In the RURAL NEW-YORKER of March 16, I note a notice that I am, while now, in St. Paul, six hours more frozen to death in one night. The injury done to this State by the press East, in publishing of my letters, has closed the doors to all settlers, to carpenters, and, will your permission, I would like to give, through your paper a few facts about Minnesota, obtained from a four years residence, all of whom was unknown to me before.

Four years ago this spring I left "old Chautauqua," New York, for this State, and took a farm from Government, 160 acres, 40 of prairie, at government price. Most people from a timbered country, when they first come to the prairie, look with astonishment, and will select their farms among the groves of oak brush that are found on the prairie, and I, for one, should not soon reckless them their mistake. The expense of fencing will be much more than the cost of the land, plow, to from five to ten dollars per acre; that expense saved, by taking clear prairie, will finish it for cultivation at once. Rails, at first, so good timber (pine) can be had for $10 per thousand feet, and cedar posts for about the same per hundred.

Good prairie land, near timber and water, and on the line of railroad, can be purchased at this time for from $7 to $5 per acre, and wood haul for fuel, from 40 to 60 miles for nothing. The soil for the most part consists of a black sandy loam, with a clay subsoil. On one with a good team will write 8 inches deep, and a sower of the soil is a dry, light, warm crop, or crop can be done for $1 per acre. The seasons are from the middle of April to the first of or the middle of July. The spring following you can put in a heavier crop with or without plowing again, as you see fit.

Wheat and Wool are to be the great staple products of this State, and I would advise all to go in for both, as well adapted to either pursuit. The last year's crop of wheat in this State was one of the largest ever on record, and places Minnesota at the head. Our average yield is from 20 to 25 bu., and No. 1 spring yield is set down at 30 bushels per acre. The reckless way of farming, which has been the case in this State, seem to succeed best in this vicinity. The corn crop through this section ranges from 40 to 60 bushels per acre, and potatoes, turnips, and vegetables are raised here, and mature well if planted by the middle of May. Timothy and clover do well, but have always had to do it on the sometimes 60 bushels per acre. Potatoes are the finest I ever saw, seldom rotting and being free from disease. Nearest market to Minnesota and St. Louis. The difference, freight on the latter, is about 10 cents per bu. So you hand, including all expenses. When we get our railroads through to Lake Superior, we shall have another market to which we can ship our surplus, and then the Valley Ohio must answer the emband.

Cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs do well on the accessible prairie, with an abundance of pasturage through the summer, and will fat like wheat on a corn of $1.50 per ton. The climate is peculiarly adapted to the growing of wool. The winters being dry and cold, the sheep are healthy, with heavy fall till spring, the sheep are healthy, with heavy fleeces, and the dry, warm summers are such as to much pleased with the climate, there being more sunshine and less rainfall than in the eastern and middle part in which I have resided, having lived in Tennessee, Southern Illinois, Northern Indiana, Michigan and Western New-York. When I left New York, I had been afflicted for many winters, and have not been to Dunkirk every summer; but here I am never having been even the "ugly" at sea, and perfectly healthy, and enjoying life. Minnesota, as a whole, stand one of the States in very practices, allowing a man to live as he pleases. Our schools, churches, the household goods, all farming implements, are probably as good as in any other State in the Union. Our taxes, 10 cents, 20 sheep forgo for same for one hundred dollars in value, except on surplus for purchase of land, and that is very small. Our climate is such that would like to ask him if he calls January twice at shearing time that would from 10 to 100 pounds, as he thinks best. *My own opinion is*, that the Southern and we have all our lambs come in January. Fruit, Grand Rivers, and have a variety one to every dozen of the cold. A neighbor has shorned from one hundred and fifty sheep, and sold the wool for cash, and from his improved "Letter" buck, 22 pounds of wool, and the lambs, 12 in all, sold for $100, and are worth larger than I intended, I will close.

Yours, truly, A. H. WEBB, Jr., Co. H, 32d Wisc.

REMARKS.—If we were at fault in inaccurately giving a too low item of snow relative to the supposed effects of the railroad upon the climate of Minnesota, or in the publication of the above communication of the said writer, we have only to say that we did not intend to promote our full absolution. We certainly had no thought of injuring the State or its people, and think the publication of the above letter ought to be a balm of any such designs as that intimated by our respected correspondent.

PRACTICAL SERMONS IN SHORT TEXTS.

Never bend of grain and every ounce of meal taken from the fare reserves what the soil cannot continue to give without serious detriment.—R. T. Brenan.

Unless the present system of American farming, there is a fair prospect of the above somewhat energetic and logical assertion becoming transformed into a fact. Continued as our country is we must continue to depend on our exports of agricultural productions for many years to come, as our only legitimate means of obtaining wealth, and though that wealth the luxurious comforts of modern life. It is literally "not bag or life" with us.

Rather than frighten the farmers with the bugbear of "prospective sterility," I would say, keep more stock will, and raise more grain feed home. To keep the stock well, raise corn roots and grass; to raise corn and grass well, use it. Turn your cattle, sheep, and other animals, upon your meadows and pastures as soon as and will down by the fire, I feel that they are as much

HORTICULTURAL.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

ANNUALS AND THEIR CULTURE.

THOSE who commence a flower garden must usually depend upon annuals for blooming and beauty the first season, though there are some biennial plants that will flower the first year. We have already given directions for preparing the soil, and it is now only necessary to refer readers to our remarks in the RURAL for February 23d. Those, we hope, will be carefully studied, as on their correct application depends in a great measure the success of the season. It is very easy to prepare the soil, and if it is not done it will be full and lose any seed and labor. As soon as the frosty plants enter their appearance, lighten the earth, around them and destroy all weeds. If they are not thus, which is most likely to be the case, remove a portion to other beds, which should be prepared for this purpose, and remove them when quite small, as young plants always injure each other by growing crowded. Select a showery day, if possible, for this work, and remove the plants with as little injury to the roots as possible. When the ground is wet, plants can generally be taken up with a portion of the earth adhering to the roots. In which case they will receive but little check by the removal. Stability is now needed but to keep the ground mellow, and all weeds destroyed.

Most of our popular annuals have been greatly improved within the last few years, and are now worthy the attention of every lover of flowers. Only a short time since, the Aster was a poor, single, or at best, a semi-double flower, with quilled petals, having a rough, unsightly appearance; while now the Aster is one of our most beautiful autumn flowers, double as the Peony, or the Chrysanthemum, and almost as beautiful in form. Without further introduction, we will name a few of the most desirable annuals.

PHLOX DRUMMONDII.

PHLOX DRUMMONDII is at least one of the most beautiful. It has a great variety of almost every desirable color, from the most brilliant scarlet, to the delicate rose; while the newer varieties are of every shade of purple and blue, with a white eye, and striped. The variety of color thus displayed in a bed of these flowers, must be seen to be appreciated, and when once seen is not easily forgotten. We have of no floral display more wonderful. If sown about the 1st of May, they will be in bloom in July, and will continue in bloom nearly the whole of the season.

THE BALSAM, or Lady's Slipper, as it is sometimes called, is a beautiful and showy flower. Only the double sorts are worthy of cultivation. They require a warm soil and rich, well grown, under favorable circumstances, two feet high. The new varieties, called by the French, *Camelias*, or *Rose* Balsams, are perfectly double. The objection to this flower is that the leaves conceal the blooms, and the side shoots take the center shoot, so that half the flowers cannot be seen. But if the soil is enriched with liquid manure just as the buds are forming, it will wonderfully enlarge the flowers at the expense of the foliage. In this way we have made the branches appear like wreaths of flowers. Another fault we have pointed, is to pluck off the side shoots, allowing only the center shoot to grow. We hope experience will try these modes of treating the Balsam.

THE TRUE WORK ROSE is one of the best of the Amaranth, and is of every variety of color, from white to the darkest purple and brown. Plants should be transplanted to where they are to bloom, as soon as they show the third pair of leaves. They have a long tap root, something like a carrot, and unless transplanted young, receive a check from which they never recover. They grow from a foot to eighteen inches in height, with an erect, branching form, downy leaves, and long spikes of beautiful flowers.

AMARANTHUS.

BALSAMINA.—There are many varieties of this flower, differing only in color and size, some being dwarfish in their habit. The flowers are finely shaped, like the Pseonia, but not so showy. We frequently saw them about the first of May, where they are to flower, and in July they are in full bloom. We find them to flourish best on a light, dry soil. It is a native of China, and was first introduced into Europe in 1824.

THE GODETIA is a very interesting family of flowers, nearly related to the *Œnothera*, or Evening Primrose. There are several fine varieties, differing in color and habit. One requiring these to have a few inches of rich, loose soil, covering lightly every six or eight inches, where they take root and now vines are formed. It is not unusual for vines to grow from three to four hundred feet in a season.

It is not necessary to feed a meadow, but I would recommend it in best condition, as has a tendency to check the growth of weeds and grass, and also to destroy the Cankerworm which makes appearance in meadows, and injure them. The water may be turned on in the fall after grass and weeds and there is no danger of frost in the spring.

TO "A SUBSCRIBER," I would say, that the hold acre of swamp can be kept dry by ditching and properly pared, and set with good fencing wires. There are vines that like it richly, and grow well, also some hay. "The most certain method of obtaining productive plants of Asparagus is to take them from those places where they are known to be the kind you wish to cultivate," as is truly stated in Shaw's Gardener's Calendar. As the strawberry is an evergreen, and also starting vine, the months of May and June is a suitable time for setting. They grow and bear best in the shade, but the fruit will not ripen as well as in the sun.

NEBRA MILO.

Colon, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1856.

JOTTINGS OF EXPERIENCE.

MR. EDITOR NEW-YORKER.—You call upon farmers to write for their papers. Here are a few jottings. We keep trees from being killed by mice, by a handful of straw, tips to heel, about the trees. This we have practiced from early boyhood, and never a rabbit, and a positive benefit to the trees, both without exception.

Five years ago last spring I set out 10 standard pear trees, and the following winter had 10 of the best trees in the entire lot killed by rabbits. I was aware of this simple remedy, I should now have had a fine young orchard, than what I have, which is only some of them three inches. Picked 14 bushels of sweet Virginia 2 cwt. new from one tree last fall. Many other trees not so large, were generally full. Have gathered them with pumpkin and corn, and potatoes, and *leaf* average. The trees have made large growth, and appear perfectly healthy.

About four years ago the bark trees smoothed one of my apple trees, and I set about 20 trees, and the others were fine trees. After trimming off the dead limbs and giving them a good scraping, I used an application of a mixture of Glauber's salts, which was the worst. Proceed in the spring of 1855, a quantity of leaf stems, and dug them in about the roots. The next year they made an astonishing growth, and look now as though the trees were the deepest green till *last* frost; very different from the fine pale green they were. In early June pallow. I had before scraped my trees and washed them with soap suds.

P. S.

New Toledo, O., 1856

ROOT-PRUNING STRAWBERRIES.

Last spring I obtained from a nursery some plants of Triomphe de Gand strawberries. The roots were long and fine. I planted them according to directions in the soil is such as to allow them to run so deep as they naturally would, and they did so. The plants were, indeed,—so long that it was really difficult with a good spade to get them down in a way handy and deep enough to admit them (as I suppose they should be planted) entire. Notwithstanding the strain on the roots in planting, the plants grew well, and in the mild autumn shook them, and a subsequent thrust into the soil with a spade, I found the roots of the plants thick: not more than a foot from the surface, and generally grown.

August I took up a large number of well-rooted runners of different kinds, cut off the roots terribly, and before rewatering, reduced the tops apparently to one half. Set out all perhaps, a little, something like the length of the roots. With much less rain than was given them set in the spring, they grew finely, and in autumn I made a fine growth during the autumn. I was satisfied that the plants would not cost more than the first, that in our case the plants were root-pruned. D. BEVERLY, Jr.

South Lyndon, N. Y., 1856.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANTING APPLE SEEDS.—[J. E., Roswell, N. J.,]—The widely raised from seed might be very much unlike the apple from which they were taken, and the only way to be sure of stock it was grown upon would affect the seed in the fall. Would be apt to injure the seed, and if dried from small portion of the character of the apples.

STRAWBERRIES.—I want to know how the plant is propagated, or grown, in a horticultural point of view.

From reason, always, unless they wish to obtain a new variety.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—The question in regard to cranberries just hits my case. Only where can the roots or plants be procured? Will you please inform me? Address, Box 1, Hyde P. Sessions, Co. N. Y. [We refer readers to Mr. Lyman's article.]

TREE GERMAN.—Is not right. For plants and advertisements to the RURAL.

PEPPER PLANTS—PREPARATION OF PEPPER.—Will the editor, or some of his readers, tell me how to raise pepper plants, and when I can obtain seed? Also, how to prepare the pepper for use? Is the higher name of bearing fruit known

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A DOZEN YEARS.

A dozen years to count with me
Before I'm twenty-one!
And then be placed my agent ways
Beyond all authors dog
To move thrifty, active years,
Passed like a blissful dream;
The dark, sweet years of Paradise
To me they always seem.

A dozen years—mind me now,
As on we travel by,
How with a smile, for softly said,
"Be twelve years old to-day!"
Just twelve years old to-day, mother;
The years flow fast,
But years leave the best mother
He wends me in the past.

The trees are always green in memory,
The fowers are always fair,
We can't begin to think, mother,
How sweet it is up there!
My birthday gifts you used and buy,
I must mother, now, you know,
For mine will be a sweet and happy,
And mine a white as snow!

Then kiss me my good-by, mother,
The last a second more,
For I'm now I mean the mark
From all that prefer and fear,
I hear, with tears, to kiss his knee,
A holy light was there,
And like a halo, bid the shoes
Upon his shortest hair

Twas heavenly light, for ever thus
Around hard lives must,
Goodby, sweet mother, I am glad—
But softly as mine eye
To angels brought all heavenly light
With sweet smiles still,
They found me the cleanse of faith,
Borne on by perfect glad.

The darling come from heaven, I know,
Heaven's light shone round his face,
And always with the cheek which
And turned that golden gaze.
From heaven's name, to take I trust it well,
I know, but did not see;
For Faith, the home of wondrous love,
Left whispered I to me

For now I know my boy is blest,
An angel bright is he,
And always I now my go to him,
He'll not return to me.
A dozen years—they're but a span
Of what he has to live,
And all that life's a season of joy!—
Such joy as does not give.

A dozen years all, mine I call
A dozen happy soul,
For, as my boy, my angel boy
Will ope the pearly gate!
A dozen, yes, if he will, he will,
He such a longer time;
And meantime, with sweet content,
My Father's time is mine.

Fayetteville, N. Y., 1865. A. M. C.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WOMAN'S DUTIES.

No subject you may call a trite one, and such I fancy it will be unto the end of time. If the newspapers of mind continue, as persistently as ever, to herald forth the duties, obligations, and dependency of woman, I fancy we have become perfectly disgusted with this constant prating. One might as well suppose that woman was utterly ignorant of her peculiar duties and obligations, and that the rest of the race, in commiseration thereof, had set themselves up as her instructors. But, with all due deference to the wonderous knowledge possessed by the "lords of creation," it certainly seems to me that females are usually quite as intelligent as the other sex, and I imagine they know about as well how to act with their petit fits life."

We are told again and again, that home happiness depends mostly upon the wife, mother, sister, and daughter. Don't we know this? Don't we know that after a day has spent in the discharge of the many wearisome household duties, and the husband and father, son and brethren, return from their labors, or, as is frequently the case, from lounging in some public place and loafing, "—listening to or making nonsense,—don't we know that, under such circumstances, what is necessary to make home comfortable and discord with content and pleasantness?—we have things so ordered, and straightened out, that home shall present a cheerful aspect?

Besides this, there is a wonderful cry on going about the country of woman's sphere. Is she not in our care from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—by proud and gallant Way, they say, of course, they are particularly dependent upon us,—of course, the Philo says so. I have known men that could spare only one passage of scripture correctly, and that you will find in Ecclesiastes, 3th, 12th. However, my memories teaches it. If this is common sense, I am glad I never was endowed with it.

Now, we know that we are, to some sense, dependent creatures,—but one person is not only, somewhat, upon another, but with us in more dependent way. Her husband, than he upon his wife. Suppose his earnings be greatly the provisions and clothing, what's all going to amount to if his wife does not know how to use these things to the best advantage? How to use a gain wealth, if his wife or daughters spend more than he can earn. Many a man has acquired wealth who never would had for the economy and thrift of his industrious wife, and many are the struggling men to provide the mere necessities of life, who might have been prospering had they, in the management of their business, heeded their counsel of the wife. Not dear me, no,—they are not going to have a woman interfering in their affairs; and thus they often come to be dependent upon the exertions of their "better half," for the support of themselves and families.

They talk to us, too, of our great influence upon society,—our mental; it is that we should be models of purity and goodness, so that all who come within our influence should be made to encouraged to them by. Now, how potent soever this may be in some cases, when I see the sons of some at the bar of justice, following so closely in the footsteps of heavenly Virtue, I am convinced it is necessary something should be good besides the mother.

With circles of darkness and sorrow surround the pathway, who endures best the blasts of adversity,—is it man? Nay. In the severe state of life, the man was is often secured shaken, and finds himself toppling upon weak wounds for aid and support,—while others, observers of human nature have testified to the truth of this.

Some talk there of the great necessity of women being Christians. Is it because the soul of man is so precious,—because he is holier by nature, or because his responsibility to the Creator is heavier, that he requires her to so much more obligatory upon her to receive Christ as his Saviour? Such is not the case. They know that the influence of the Gospel is to make one meek, patient, long-suffering, under all circumstances, and such a system this they like to deal with. One that will not conflict with their petty views and habits. In some instances, when you really probe to the bottom of the thing, you will find it to be a dislike to the principle of Essay about the great adaptation of religion to the heart and life of woman. This does not make its spiritual; I prefer to believe that they are few.

You men who are so supremely particular about your food, your clothes, and, in fact, everything, even to wear your wives and children always to be in apple-pie order, and to think they can forgive, no matter how outraged in, how do you suppose you would manage to qualify your exquisite taste, without the aid of some one or more to do those things which require without? Don't you believe there would be some mighty odds, and ends, which you would regret, germanic, and some troubled times? It really does sometimes set us to think of it. But, after all, what's the use of talking or writing? To the sore it frees my mind a little, and to the well, it does no harm, and with the conviction is constantly forcing itself upon me that,

"Some are ordained against his will,
But none speaks still!"

Gainesville, N. Y., 1865. MARIA TILLOTT.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PRETTY FACES.

I, you see, don't like pretty faces. I mean such as women adjust with the nicest precision. I never saw one in my life but looked as though if you put your finger upon it, it would at once come up. I do like to see the bright glow with the light of intellect,—that charge with every change of feeling. It instructs me in the study of human nature by, for, mind is there, and the face cannot fail to be incorrect; but like those pictures, which, at a certain position that there is a bevy of milk and water, I cannot interest. Pretty faces are generally "void of all serious thing," "very cheeks," "pearly teeth," and "ruby lips," and when you have said the amount of this, you have a silly little thing, no more calculated to get along in this energy world than a child of seven. Such pretty beauty hate, it is well enough, but it always fades, and there is no character more deplorable than a woman who has only beauty to recommend her, when that beauty is gone. As for pretty men of intelligence, I have never had a second to speak of any of the great men of former times as pretty. I have seen a few of them who were pretty manly in it, and when I see those creatures ladies and gentlemen, I always want to lift them up gently, and set them aside, lest some silly knows with them away. Of all the young men I have known who were pretty, I think of Hinkley. Why had either me any one so keenly as to make their face sick, if they had nothing else to do? Hinkley was a really creature, though their faces may be as delicate as a lily. Pretty ladies are generally conceited; but may be just the people that don't know how pretty they are. Nix.

March, 1865.

Choice Miscellany.

IN LOVE WITH CALICO.

As the "last but gift" are discussing the fever and ague, and the "first chill" and the "shaking out of the" storms and," a young man to George Co., who has been inspired by calico, a new variety of American painting passion. Send them, and pardon:

"Calico dresses are a great institution. Delaines, they are very comfortable and pretty, and silks dresses—in the parlor or bed-less, and all such; but after all the calico" is the substantial. Give me a good calico. One man he takes not to call the silk, and the delaine, and the merino, and the cashmere, but they will vample and shun it; but the calico, that's made for work, and, as the "highfalutin say, 'solely for the purpose' made. His every fade he is on the realities of life; that is into the kitchen as the parlor, and the sitting room.

But calico. O! what rich meals we get by her between the cotton and the wool! What pieces and cheerful presence it made us with red-hued whitening to our firmness.

Calico ought to be always more willing and ready to give to want than silk. It is a curious fact of our nature that we are more apt to give to the needy than to, as if when dressed in silk we changed our natures and became correspondingly things. Wyatt our calico dress be seen near enough to that poor woman to be given to her, and she would be a dirty bad No, never! Calico might do it; silk, we just impossible.

Calico, in addition to all, Calico comes to, very with the exercise of kindness. Calico which it means to be given to the poor. Calico is the dress that down at the gone or mistress, and raises the liquid in the eye of sympathy forth; yes, when calico is on, own sweet voice with the music of the instrument, then an expression Calico."

AN ELEGANT WOMAN.

Texas is a person whose harmonious voice gives the sweet expression when thought is given to her manners. She knows how to speak and how to keep silence, how delicately to express herself with you, and how to receive what you express to her. Her words are happily chosen; her language is pure, her sentiments elevated, and her heart is full of kindness. Far from contradicting with the ignorant assurance of one who wishes to seek by every means to display sense or truth. She indulges to dissertation as little as she does in flippancy, dogmatism, or the pleasure. Of as equable temper, her air is affable and gay. Her politeness has nothing forced in it, her welcome is sincere, and her kindness respect is nothing more than a delicate shade; she never cries you, and leaves you to suppose that you are not wanting to her in the sphere by an inexplicable power, you find her without any embarrassment. She is a friend, who, without words herself, everything them pleases the sight, and who has not enough to foresee everything, the slights rather than consoles, she is unshrewd pay, therefore you will love her irresistibly. You will take her for a type, and vow to worship her.

Choice Miscellany.

MOURNFUL VOICES.

Times are voices, mournful voices, that are speaking to us from the past.

Years have filled a cup of sorrow, each minute upon my brow. Death the silent, and the solemn night-watches with his chill wing waved.

And we sit, this side, close to wake to lamentation.
Close spot child of many sounds, winter voices, the voices of the night, the voices of the morning, the voices of the earthly mother, as the angels bear them upward to the gardens of the Lord, the voices of the heavenly mother, and the sisters and children of light.

Little children make death beautiful, so sweetly still they lie! but oh! they forget in what when they come here loosed to God!

Yet I murmured one day after, lying peacefully and cold,
Yet I would bring one more little angel to my mother!
For with childhood pleading for me, sealed by death upon my lips,

There's a blessing that is better in the feel and whatever Heaven!
Heaven! with what love we speak the word! Yet I have thought
Since I searched among your pastures for a beautiful, a bright
Little flock that I did long upon me in a thousand loving ways,
And I long to gaily and bless with them in heaven, other sister,
And whose sweetly will say the answer from the bright spirit below.

Forever and ever of splendor where the sunset leaves glow,
Or the stars shine in the battlements and crowd around the throne of Amen.

And heaven, it flows of moonlight purity, as of diamond eyes, sweetness.

O! I think that then not getting, with a day I have to more,
Then I shall be with the children, with the children of the angels,
Sweetening and a band of welcome from the spirit-blessed shore.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

We find them scattered here and there in the wilderness, among scraps of poetry—in sacrifices, and decorating the altars of worship, in the garments of the unregenerate. Often, in the midst of unexpected surroundings, they flash upon us suddenly, and inspire with delight. Their presence in the simple chaste glee adornment in green of thought unconsciously, thus where they take their birth, and grow, and die, they are the theme of much admired, and written on literature gives many beautiful lessons of morality and virtue, which we must be close, unpopular, and harmonious. But they are not to be found in the wilderness alone, for in the study of experience? We may borrow a thought and a lesson from the flowers. Although in the sun, but we can never thus originate those substances that arrest attention and accumulate wealth. Then, for the most it is intensely interested, the brain catches the law of invention,—the sun of thought, and the heart feels the power of the principle of God, when aroused by the power of emotion.

Flowers are the only matter we often find entombment place, until he becomes inspired with his Maker. Yet he was beautiful in life, and his flowers reaches away family of his mind, and words of love, and his memory is dear. Many a man's tenderness with thoughtfulness tongue and beautiful expressions of the gentle, and the flowers that for the time the minds of his listeners are under perfect control. Beautiful thought, clothed in fair words, beautiful and appropriate language. Men who never have the least effort of elegance or ornament, and always akin to much unconscious by the shortest path, and the most direct manner, to the hidden temple of the inspiration of circumstances. Our last inaugural by Abraham Lincoln, is a specimen of continued thought, clothed in the plainest terms. He seems to have studied expressions calculated to excite the entire confidence of the people. Yet he was beautiful in his life in thought and language, while closing sentences of his inaugural address, he says, "I am loth to close. I am not enemy, but friend. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained our bonds of affection, they must not break them. The mystic chords, which by the memory of every battle field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Beautiful and expression are aptly blended in the following sentence:

"Mourn not for the pledge; the ripple that dies in the first mountain brook flows on forever in the ocean; the willow, weary with long wanderings, rests heavily on the bosom of the stream.

Here is a gem from a poem. "Linnet's Grave:"

"Where the grass is greenest,
With the rough willow bent,
Where the first wood-flowers of the year peep out,
We that which made it true."

How many pearls of thought are scattered around us! How many flowers of love! We have planted by these to those household beads where the "truest hearts" and the sympathies of nature have spoke of the sleeping, silent one in the lonely church-yard. A beautiful flower, it becomes the emblem of love, and feelings and sympathies of our nature. The eloquent words of the patriot, spoken in the hour of a country's need, are like the flowers that spring up in the path of love their land the mind. Beginners for the loved and lost, their life, and the beautiful thoughts and inspiring words fall scattered by the young and aspiring. Flowers are beautiful, and the mind is pleased to show how great are words that speak of peace, of love, of truth, of life, and of the Saviour. Christ spoke in that beautiful invitation,—"Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

M. S.

Dodge, Wis., 1865.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SELF-CONFIDENCE OF PERSONS.

Among all the beautiful and useful shapes which nature secures, there is, probably, not one whose beauties and fineness are so frequently overlooked as are those of the sea. In viewing some other nature's utmost excellence, we are so prone to overlook the mighty power for evil, and often words, as a secondary consideration, the trifling beauty which may be attached to them. Thus, in the choice of our reading we are in no case so much led by the beauty of expression, as by the design and laws of nature to an elaborate description of the comparative quality, so when the sea is presented in all the sullen grandeur of the rising storm, so forcible has no beauty.

"To plummet in the deserted breath, in hour
Of tempest, and the dangers of the deep,
And pass at times, with fearful heart, the shore."

To the careless and indifferent man, who views all things from a commercial mind point, and who makes "Profit and Loss" the standard of nature's utility, the sea must look to be a useless waste, where no cultured stock speculation can be realized, and where "corpses lose" are of no avail whatever. On perhaps, he more reasonably considers it as a grand highway between nations, which invites the supplies of the remotest lands to our ports, or rushing to bring them in safe, cruise all his dividend on the carefully chosen insensitive Company Stocks.

But in the thoughtful observer, to the person who believes that nature was made for man, and that by it he should profit, a momentary consideration will readily suppose the many, the many various necessaries, benefits and luxuries which are to be derived from the sea. Its benefits are crowded before our eyes in many many pages. There we meet with the productions of almost every nation of the globe, all sent in payment for the manufactures and other articles of regard, and thus largely enhancing both the amount and the profits of our industry. Then the whole fisheries, which are, in a commercial point of view, the most important among all the fisheries, the constant employment to thousands of men, and further to which several thousand more are given a lucrative employment. The numerous other fisheries also afford an inexhaustible supply of food for man.

The highest benefit, however, which accrues to us from the sea, is that which was devised by the Creator Almighty, and compared with all the wild and sagacity of men in their beneficial endeavors appeared in their limited. From the sea are generated all those vapors which, when re-condensed, form the fertilizing showers which, by settling, regulate, by fertilizing the earth, purifying the air, and supplying a most necessary element to all animal and vegetable life. The expanse of the sea is largely a reflecting mirror to the tropical regions, without which added to them would be almost insupportable, and give a decreased atmosphere to the region of the temperate zones.

But how great, how wonderful, and how impressive are the lessons which we may learn from the sea! How many delightful and sublime reflections are awakened in a thoughtful mind by the contemplation of nature which the sea under different circumstances assumes! It is natural for us, when sailing by the sea, to look upon the sea and speak admiration of its waves as skimming with the sunlight it breaks into a thousand forms, and as the gentle breeze ruffles the surface of the ocean. Then do we examine the beauty of the shells which are scattered upon the shore, and the various colors of the sea-weed, which, when separated from the parent stock, soon withers away, and is lost to the sight. Then do we admire the beautiful and sparkling appearance of the sea-foam, which, when separated from the parent stock, soon withers away, and is lost to the sight. Then do we admire the beautiful and sparkling appearance of the sea-foam, which, when separated from the parent stock, soon withers away, and is lost to the sight.

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Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NEARER THEE.

BY A. S. PIXLEY.

Nearer to Thee, Thou wonder of the storms
That drive me, driven by the shifting sand,—
Wherever might while, if ever Thou's leading me
Nearer to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Though sorrow compass deepest darkness, if blind
Be the path which leads me to Thee,
That, in the brightness, no path may grieve
Nearer to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Though the world's cares, and the world's fears,
Whatever the disappointments and the tears
Yet, welcome all things, whatever they be,
If they but hasten my approach to Thee.

Thank, oh, how rapid are the pleasures of the flight
Viewed in Heaven's clear searching light;
Oh, let it be but a moment's space to Thee
To that satisfying refuge nearer Thee.

Thou God each day, in its unconscious round,
May find me on life's passage "homeward bound;"
Thou God, at the close of night upon the bed,
Guiding me safely homeward,—nearer Thee.

Geneva, N. Y., 1865.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PROMISES.

Now the promises that our friends make, and often forget, or do not intend to fulfill, the promises which the Lord has made and given to man, in his revealed word. Promises which convey hope and consolation to the heart, and which are sure, and which fail not, for He who made them is faithful to perform all that he has said to man. He does not make promises and He does not speak concerning his promises but ready to confer the blessings which they are designed to give to mankind.

When we read that number and greatness, and how many are to all classes among men, conveying peace and happiness to every one, without money and without price, and how many are invited to our Creator for making such great and glorious promises as he has made to man. Let us read a few of the many He has made. To the Christian he is a well. To the sinner a refuge from death and things, and I will be his God, and he shall belong to me. I will put my laws in his mind and write them in his heart, and I will be his God, and he shall belong to me. I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more. Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be glad and rejoice forever in that which I create. For, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice over Jerusalem, and joy over my people, and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them. And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord. Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream; then shall ye suck, ye shall be borne upon her sides, and be dandled upon her knees. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem. And when ye see this, your heart shall rejoice, and your bones shall flourish like an herb; and the hand of the Lord shall be known toward his servants, and his indignation toward his enemies. For, behold, the Lord will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire. For by fire and by his sword shall all flesh plead with the Lord; and the slain of the Lord shall be many. Behold, I will bring health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth. And I will cause the captivity of Judah and the captivity of Israel to return, and will build them as at the first. And I will cleanse them from all their iniquity whereby they have sinned against me; and I will pardon all their iniquities whereby they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me. And it shall be to me a name of joy, a praise and an honor before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them; and they shall fear and tremble for all the goodness and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it. Thus saith the Lord, I will turn to her with mercies: my house shall be built in her, saith the Lord of hosts, and a line shall be stretched forth upon Jerusalem. Cry yet, saying, Thus saith the Lord of hosts; my cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad; and the Lord shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose Jerusalem. Behold, I will gather them out of all countries, whither I have driven them in mine anger, and in my fury, and in great wrath; and I will bring them again unto this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God: for they shall return unto me with their whole heart. 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The Traveler.

LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA.

New Series.—Number Five.

A Chinese Wedding—Chinese Assorted—U. S. Marine Hospital—The Future of San Francisco—California ideals Harvests of wheat, wool, and wine produced in 1880—Number of fruit trees—Fire of fruit—Pay and fly leaf business.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31, 1880.

DEAREST JUDGE, sliding down to our ossuaries to write a poem, say:

"Which was the subject them may peg,
Let time or chance determine;
Perhaps 'twill be as well as any,
Or, probably, a sermon?"

We have no fears that you will either attempt a song or a sermon, but it is always more inclined to take compass of sail, and sketch down with a great architect, than to tarry in and describe silly scenes and nauseous. But our quill must give over scorning and sailing, and carry full pour about to count a *Chinese Wedding* as *Sligh Life*. The firm of Low Wa & Co., of this Province, have a system going about from the universe of Pekin, named Cox Cuss. He has been (it is said) for some time connected with moon-synchronity, named Ah Tab. Last evening his existence was consummated by his wishing "the band, and the bust in it," of Miss Doo. Cox Cuss is to P. F. B., (First Family of Pekin), and is here and ready to be made husband by so vitally the character of the outside barbarians in San Francisco, as it is whispered, with the intention of writing a book. Miss Ah Tab has seen eighteen summers, and owns to this country but a short time since. The arrangements having been completed at the house of Ah Wat, in Sacramento street, the hyperalid train of carriages started from the door of Low Wa, and proceeded with the bridegroom and his friends, in that of the bride, and a procession was performed through the most public streets, calling their signatures to a paper in Chinese character when they returned to the house of Ah Wat, where their arrival was heralded by the firing of hundreds of fire-crackers and melodious sounds of gongs, tam-tams, and one stringed fiddle. The bridal party went in the upper story was decorated with flowers, and the *bis pan* was held in all directions, to propitiate the several deities who are present. The bride sat in the middle ground under the heavy load of wings and other good things, and patiently supply at the wedding was provided for the guests to feed themselves with. As the happy party arrived, the hog-gen struck up a debut melody, the tam-tams were sackbuts, and receiving rooms floated and upon the smoke ascended all the wheezy-bow discussed celestial symphonies.

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Then they were shown into kitchen to the feast. All had such a clattering of chop-sticks and dodging about of shovel bowls, has seldom been witnessed. Cox Cuss's appetite was completely satisfied after the showers of congratulations of his friends, and the Ah Tab's appetite was not discouraged. As a take blow the party separated, happy in the thought that

"Two can live as well as one,
Two hearts, that beat as one."

had started along the path of wedlock; and were blessedwedlock to have the bride and ready read together.

We forget the figures indicating the Chinese population of California, but the number of Joness and their congregations is not to be sneezed at (as some smell). Occasionally one is seen dressed in American fashion, but nearly all sport the oriental costume, consisting of blue blouse, coat-shaped bats; woolen, straight-shed; trousers of blue jean, with legs as large as small pipes, and their slender shoulders and chest a blue cashmere tunic, or short, coming down scarcely to the knee, which is tucked in lined with pretty. With suits, sometimes Soon shaved heads, and a dangling pig-tail reaching down the back, they certainly make anything but a lovely appearance.

As we desire to speak approvingly of every building, it may be apropos to say that almost the first building that attracts the eye of our just-stepping of the steamer, is one for the first time upon the city of San Francisco, is (now by) the United States Marine Hospital. It is located on Mission Point, on an elevation affording a grand view of the city and bay of San Francisco, the entire coast range and hills, and the coast range of mountains. The city authorities contend to the United States six wate ben, each, 1171 feet square, as a site for the institution, and it was built by United States authority, at a cost of $100,000, appropriated from a fund created by a tax on all American sailors of twenty-five cents per month, which ship-masters are required to deduct from their wages, and pay at the custom house. In return for this they with all vessels belonging to an American vessel is entitled, in case of sickness, to a certificate from the collector of the port, for admission into the Hospital, which has been built and is furnished and supported by the money, so that he enters such a certificate, held as one of the owners of the institution. The United States Marine Hospital in San Francisco will accommodate comfortably about 800 patients, and is kept in the most perfect order. Its floors, furniture, and everything is almost as neat and clean as a gentleman's private residence. There is an equipt chapel in the Hospital, but the Rev. Wm. Taylor (Methodist) (dissident) regular services there on Sabbath, and after it was built, which he kept up during most of his stay in California; and which he still kept up by local preachers, and sometimes by himself on occasional regular pastors.

Much that is interesting in San Francisco might afford theme for the pen of the heroine. There is nothing in the line of mentality, it is the constant *mastering of the people to one point of the entity we fore*, like the settling of this coast and the growth of this city. Traced to the present day this remarkable nation, it was not designed; and to-day, with a population of over 70,000, its boundaries rapidly extending, its trade and manufactures increasing, the picture of its future must be drawn on a scale of grandeur and glory. Telegraphs will put her in twenty-four hours with all the chief cities of the continent, and its wires will belt the globe! Railroads will be completed that shall unite her with New England, and the whole middle of the steam engine on the summit of the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains, passes will decide in favor of her brilliant destiny, and point to her growing greatness. Then, with a population of 500,000, San Francisco and New York and London will be the three prominent points in the commerce of the world!

As an agricultural State, California will ever hold an enviable rank. With four or five months of unbroken spell harvest season, during which time not a drop of dew or rain descends to interrupt the

[Composed Expressly for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Words by a Lady of Vermont. Music by MRS. E. H. WOOD.

I build my nest on the mountain's crest, Where the wild winds rock my cradle to rest, Where the lightnings flash, and the thun-ders crash,

I build my nest on the mountain's crest, Where the wild winds rock my cradle to rest, Where the lightnings flash, and the thun-ders crash,

And the rear-ing ter - rents roar and dash; For my spi - rit free bears forth shall be A type for the sons of Lib - er - ty.

And the rear-ing ter - rents roar and dash; For my spi - rit free bears forth shall be A type for the sons of Lib - er - ty.

Aloft I fly from my eyrie high,
Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky,
To a rainbow bright take my airy flight,
And bask in a flood of liquid light;
On a feather-bed I'll not be driven,
And bask in a bliss from the throne of Jay.

Away I spring with a tireless wing,
On a feather-bed I'll not be driven,
I dart down the deep where the lightnings leap,
And the thun-ders roll in the grisly sweep,
For true to me is this country
To free and fearless as I.

I love the land where the mountains stand,
Like the watch-towers built by a God of old,
For I hear and feel in their presence dwell
Though the land be a-sleep or bathed in toil,
Or the tempest rave on the rocky steep,
And refresh the pure heart as the dew-drop fall.

Then great is the spir-it that's in me
For I have no love for a tyrant's throne,
And I never will own the chains I have worn
Are the badge of a people grovelling slaves,
I will tower free, yet bold and true,
For true to me is this country.

O, proud ye will be land where I dwell,
Last to Bonaparte blow has been felt,
Where dew-drops linger to sanctify sleep,
Free gently heritage of pure ease,
For Freedom's hap-pi-ness and delight
Our fair Columbia's home height.
Till ye acknowledge me in the native sigh.
This will I hear from your presence far
Where ye have not yet brought home
My eyrie reach-es its last (!) branch,
The bellying clouds shall be my ample roach,
And over Pinions, for I move in me
A power am as in land of the free.

The Young Ruralist.

THE KIND, ENTERPRISING BOY.

PASSING down one of the streets in Milwaukee, the other day, my attention was attracted by the shouting of a boy, who was driving a pair from the side-walk in front of a fruit and grocery store. The pig had again taken French leave, and the boy was not helping himself as if in welcome to their company. Then, Grocery, who was very opposed at the door, took a different view of things, and having a less pound weight at the interior, remarked, "that pig is getting the familiar street here." The boy assisted in collecting together the scattered fruits, and the pig was soon in good shape again. The grocer offered to pay for the sustenance rendered, but the boy refused it, intimating that that was a fitting matter, for which he waited no remuneration. The grocer, however, insisted on filling his pockets with nuts and apples. The boy was dressed in coarse clothes, which, however, looked tidy and clean,—and a blush could be seen stealing across his face, because as if ashamed of being rewarded for the small assistance he had rendered.

Shortly after, we went down to the office of the *Daily Wisconsin*, to get a copy of the Ruralist Message, which was there being received by telegraph, and issued in an extra. There was a good crowd of newsboys about the office, all anxious to be the first carrier to and among the first customers; for the crowd, we noticed, are boy of note and option, with a bundle of the messages under his arm. As he passed over me, he became a little shy, and his face was all withered by, who stood with a dreamer and dimly printed look. "Here, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I say, Jonny, can you get us more papers?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, and of course he could not get to where they were being sold. "Here, hold my bundle," said the boy to a fellow-urchin. "I'll get you some,—how many do you want?" "Oh, about a dozen," said the boy, "I've only got the money to buy them." "How good you are, Gerome," ejaculated Jones, and the countenance of the urchin seemed to assume a look of pride, as he stepped, and giving them to Jones, took his own bundle and set off with no short step.

By this time I had become interested in the boy, and resolved to witness a display of his tact and skill in selling his messages. Jones' approval rather pleased me, as, somehow, and I confessed to myself, cool in deepening of his stock, while his friend Gerome, with the bundle under his arm, stood by the pillars, was made of different material, and was evidently well fitted for the rough and tumble life of the newsboy. Jones, by and by, had a slight modicum of the battles of life. Jones, however, seemed to have all he had supplied, the boys had and gentle wanting voice was attractive, and brought customers.

In a short time, Cassius, having disposed of his bundle, returned for another supply, and on receiving Jones, inquired of his success. "Pretty good," was the reply. "Only ten left." "Only ten left!" was rid of them, for it is most dark, and I am tired and hungry." "Hungry," said Gerome, "here, take these apples and eat them while you are running." So in his hand, and filled one of his pockets with nuts. "Now, Jones," said Gerome, "I'll tell you." Jones plainly declined the generous boy, and was shaking his head, when Gerome, with a slight modesty the battles of life. Jones, however, seconded him, and he had supplied, the boys had and gentle wanting voice was attractive, and brought customers.

In a short time, Cassius, having disposed of his bundle, returned for another supply, and on receiving Jones, inquired of his success. "Pretty good," was the reply. "Only ten left." "Only ten left! I was rid of them, for it is most dark, and I am tired and hungry." "Hungry," said Gerome, "here, take these apples and eat them while you are running." So in his hand, and filled one of his pockets with nuts. "Now, Jones," said Gerome, "I'll tell you." Jones plainly declined the generous boy, and was shaking his head, when Gerome, with a slight modesty in his voice, said, "I just had an order for five messages from a lady, and you go up with them, will you be here," said he, "you are tired, and I'll run up and down these streets for you." Jones was not to be said and soon returned with the change, which he put in Jones's hand, and with a kindly good night, started off in the direction of his home, which was near.

I left for my quarters, with kindlier and more charitable feelings toward my fellow men, believing to think there was some unselfishness in the world, and especially in the boy, a sample of which I had witnessed. In the conduct of the noble kid, Gerome. That boy, said I, will succeed, and the world will be better for his having lived in it; and though his kindness and generosity to Jones, a poor, friendless boy, may seem unfledged, he will not indulge in hatred or ill will towards his fellow men, for his generous nature will be a shield against the contaminating effects of bitterness. He will never starve, for the servants of God are commanded to feed him, or, should he would be shunned in his gathering. Nor will he be frozen, for his generous heart will be the means of quaking streams, which soften the blasts of winter. He will be a blessing to the inhabitants of the world and a comfort.

O. C.

QUERIES FOR "MINNIE MINTWOOD."

IF FAIR MINNIE "studiously squinted" his "Ruralist" in the hope that which he should find the "idea of every grow a shadowed hazel," and satisfying all others, I am sure I can sympathize. The latest was of an inferior order, of no *benefit* to his readers, and of no credit to himself. I would be a detriment to one of our most popular papers, with the high reputation it has gained for its ability, influence and standing of its paper, together with the *talent* employed, is at once determined to be the best publication of the kind. Readers are among its contributors. It can hardly be expected that *every one* will be pleased with the articles of Doctors, Professors, physics, or make ministers, and Rulers of Charity, but I do think of our plan alikes.

Again, if Minnie's Ruralist showed a great similarity to the Ruralist and unaddressed, of little importance was of such a fine order, and people were devoid of intelligence, and common sense or they would not have known,—why did his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, with the Leeds in attendance, stay to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new Exchange of gold? This is rather a stooping assertion against the Ruralist. I believe that the Ruralist has the best critics the Doings of others.

RUSTICUS.

TYRONE TOWN.—Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you curse the cattle and swear at the horses, and you will be familiar soon, and do you suppose, when the opportunity comes for committing the more or less crime, he will be strong against it as before? It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into crime, into manslaughter, into perdition. Bad leanings easily turn into bad deeds. Be careful how you curse your cattle, and swear with lower down the level. Beginning intimate with it, you lose your honour of it. This strikingly applies to itself, forbidden a reason for washing the tongue.

F. D. Hemingway, D. D.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Reliance of the Great Mississippi Valley.... Moore & Southwick
Subscribers Wanted.... Rural New-Yorker
Agents Wanted for Rural New-Yorker
Agents Wanted—Wm. Read & Sons
Agents Wanted—Wm. A. Wheeler & Co.
Agents Wanted—Wm. A. Wheeler & Co.
Water Purifier, Etc.—Dr. Wm. Wood
Water Purifier, Etc.—Dr. Wm. Wood
Water Purifier, Etc.—Dr. Wm. Wood

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The Charleston, S. C., Courier says the most unanimous three cheers' great exuberance and exhilaration of the crowd ocean. The music was two inches deep and lasted just two hours. It beats anything these days '61.

In Chicago, Milwaukie, and many all of the points upon the upper lakes, vessels are preparing to "put under weigh," and if it thought within one week hence most of the shipping will be entirely rigged and refitted for service.

Between January 1st and March 4, there were shipped from Columbus, Ohio, by the American and Adams Express Companies, 311 barrels of whiskey, each barrel containing about 60 — making a total of 18,660 gallons.

The trial and condemnation of the Abbe Mailet at Dunal for the abduction and conversion of a Sisthy of Jewish girl, has excited much interest in Catholic circles in France. The Abbe was condemned to six years solitary confinement.

In consequence of the ill-constitution and bad conditions of the school-houses in the district between Rensaad children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, scarcely into their lives from inadequate ones. Says Dr. Tully, Secretary of the Metropolitan Medical Association.

Special Notices.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

To those who wish to purchase a perfect "Converse Blower and Separator," would say that "DARLY DEAD MOWER AND REAPER" is manufactured at the Auburn Agricultural Works, by Messrs. Converse & Fossett, agents for the State of New York, for the use of those wishing to purchase. The machine is of the best material, and warranted to do as much, where it can be used, as well, without dragging, any kind of grain or grass, either out or the way. The Mower has a cutting knife 5 feet, and 3 inches cut, with polished wrought iron guards, plated in the Sun with Gulf Steel, and warranted.

The Reaping attachment has a Finger Bar and polished wrought iron guards, with a 4 feet 6 inch cut-Knife, with, for cutting grain, is so better than the second-sign working, (no reversing gear). By means of the separate Finger Bar and Knife, they are enabled to make the Reaper cut close to the ground, and dispense with the heavy Raising bar when ranging.

The Combined Mower and Reaper is delivered to the purchaser for the sum of $150, for a six months' note without interest, if paid in cash, $140. The Mower is $90 less.

The Agents for Monroe County are

J. W. MERRILL, Clarkson, Monroe Co., N. Y.
DANIEL KINGSLEY, of Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y.

THROAT AFFECTIONS.

From Rev. H. Keeling, A. M., President Albion College, Albion, Mich.—"I have found great benefit from the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches in relieving a cough and throat affection, to which I am very subject. I think from their good effect they will be very commonly adopted by me. Several clergymen of my acquaintance, to whom I have given the Troches, have been benefited by their use."

The Publisher to the Public.

To All Our Readers.

A New Quarter of the RURAL *begins this week, and a prompt renewal of subscriptions as agreeable to the Editor as that compares with April, or January, of prudence.*

☞ The Club Rates of the RURAL NEW-YORKER and the Ohio *Farmer for Clubs formed before April, are EXTENDED to May 1st, so that Agent-Friends, Subscribers and others have another month to secure Clubs. Specimen Nos. will be sent freely from the office of* Canoe Flower Seed, *on fair page, and any of it will not pay to form a club. Thousands would gladly subscribe if asked to do so. Will not our friends have the kindness to see that such are invited?*

Back Numbers of this Volume will be sent as New Subscribers, until otherwise announced; but all wishing them should subscribe Soon.

☞ The Actual Circulation of each edition of this paper—copies as are mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and about Thousand which the advertising Agents, Hence, we know the paper we pass, and keep no credit books, and do not send papers to any one who does not order in advance—and to Subscribers' Postage paid.

☞ Clubbing with the Agricultural Rec.—We will supply the Rural New-Yorker for $1.75 a year; or the Rural and *Ohio Farmer, Harper's, Godey's*, or any other $2 magazine, for $3. Rural and *Ohio Farmer*, and the *Methodist, Harper's Weekly, Atlantic Monthly*, or any other $3 magazine, for $3. Canada subscribers must add 12½ cents postage.

☞ Agricultural Extras book to consist in canvassing for particulars, as well as to solicit subscriptions. For Summer, Fyan has formerly or with to form a club for the Rural New-Yorker, and to send us the list of names, with the money, as soon as convenient. We will furnish specimen numbers and other matter to aid them in their canvass. Any one getting three names to these one year premium, and sending all money, $5.00 for the list, will get also the magazine if convenient.

☞ Postmasters Agents for the Rural—Any and every Subscriber or reader is requested to act in behalf of the Rural, by forming clubs wherever. Now is the time for the Editor to consult their interests in the paper and the most advantageous, either by circulars or otherwise. Any thing otherwise will be in behalf. If any law or any one acquires in showing the paper, or in getting up clubs, we will cheerfully pay liberally. Such a course must be rewarded by trading.

☞ The Money we Receive—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par with subscription. Gold at par to amounts or other Specie will please read New York, New England or Western, which we will remit. Postage Stamps can be received for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $5 we prefer Drafts on New York, Boston, Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, or Dollar, (non-exchange) payable to the order of and endorsed by the subscriber or Post Office Orders. If we cannot immediately use Drafts, we will return them by next mail, and request others. Be particular in remittances. Do not forget your Post Office.

☞ Address to Come and be sure in order, and whether in town, or, from, Counties, and State. All remittances and be generally acknowledged. If unusual delay, and acknowledgment of letter, write again and inquire. Always give name of subscription — and names are fully opposite the different Rural Clubs. Subscribers will please to write their names as they have been published, and be sure to give the name of the Post Office to which the paper is sent. Subscribers will please to write the name of all who will join their clubs. The back numbers will be furnished as requested, generally or seventy or eighty-five, last days, and their families, if not to have the first, and we have our Editors will attend them opportunity. Many wants are furnishing the Rural, and failing pay in another, as well as to the Rural, and to serve the country. In all such instances, we endeavor to be so liberal as may not be undertaken.

☞ Agents Cash Terms, &c.—We endeavor to all necessary to our subscribers, and to the general convenience of agents, to get the paper at as small a price as possible, we print it in full sheets, and mail it to subscribers at $2.00. But, to answer to the general inquiries, offer a few questions with confidence for less than a full club; we would state that, in cases where less than 8 copies are ordered, at $2.00 each, with a reasonable prospect of filling up a club of ten, we put it first before April 1st; we send them—and when the club is completed shall give extra copy and premium. We do not like to deprive the club for less than 8 copies, and we will send them at $2.00 each, and confident of obtaining a club of ten. Single Copies $2.00 each, and Specimen Numbers we think the Editor will soon be filled; and if it were not for the pain and time and of canvass at the West, we should reduce the old rate — requiring the full sum in proportion to number sent, and making deduction when clubbers completed.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, April 3, '61.

Apple, cereal and one of the newest stories of the season, and the prices of produce generally are unchanged. The fall in the price of wool noted last week has taken effect and our work since, except in sales, which have advanced somewhat. The demand has increased, and under the effect of increased sales, there has put on Middle ends, and Saturday a the

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour, Genesee	$5.00@5.25	Hides, fair	6@6½
Flour, other brands	4.50@5.00	Hides, dry	10@12
Flour, buckwheat	2.50@2.75	Calfskins	10@12
Wheat, white	1.30@1.35	Sheepskins	1.00@1.25
Wheat, red	1.25@1.30	Tallow, rough	5@6
Corn, old	60@62	Tallow, rendered	8@9
Corn, new	50@55	Lard	10@12
Barley	50@60	Butter, roll	15@18
Oats	30@32	Butter, firkin	12@14
Peas, Canada	70@75	Cheese	8@9
Peas, field	70@75	Eggs	10@12
Beans, white	1.50@1.75	Potatoes	25@30
Beans, other	1.25@1.50	Onions	40@50
Clover seed	5.00@5.50	Apples, dried	2@3
Timothy seed	1.50@1.75	Apples, green	1.00@1.50
Flax seed	1.50@1.75	Cranberries	1.00@1.25
Hay, loose	8.00@10.00	Wood, hard	3.00@3.50
Hay, pressed	10.00@12.00	Wood, soft	2.00@2.50
Straw	5.00@6.00	Coal, Scranton	5.00@5.50
Hops	10@12	Coal, Pittston	5.00@5.50
Beef, cwt	5.00@6.00	Coal, Shamokin	5.00@5.50
Pork, cwt	5.00@6.00	Coal, Lehigh	5.00@5.50
Dressed hogs	5.00@6.00	Salt, bbl	1.75@2.00
Veal	5@6	Salt, bushel	40@45
Mutton	5@6	Salt, Onondaga	1.75@2.00
Lambs, each	1.00@2.00	Plaster, ton	3.00@3.50
Turkeys	10@12	Plaster, ground	4.00@4.50
Chickens	8@10	Ashes, pearl	6.25@6.50
Ducks	10@12	Ashes, pot	6.25@6.50
Geese	10@12	Brooms, each	25@30

BUFFALO MARKETS.

Flour, Genesee ..... $5.00@5.25
Flour, other brands ..... 4.50@5.00
Flour, buckwheat ..... 2.50@2.75
Wheat, white ..... 1.30@1.35
Wheat, red ..... 1.25@1.30
Corn, old ..... 60@62
Corn, new ..... 50@55
Barley ..... 50@60
Oats ..... 30@32
Peas, Canada ..... 70@75
Peas, field ..... 70@75
Beans, white ..... 1.50@1.75
Beans, other ..... 1.25@1.50
Clover seed ..... 5.00@5.50
Timothy seed ..... 1.50@1.75
Flax seed ..... 1.50@1.75
Hay, loose ..... 8.00@10.00
Hay, pressed ..... 10.00@12.00
Straw ..... 5.00@6.00
Hops ..... 10@12
Beef, cwt ..... 5.00@6.00
Pork, cwt ..... 5.00@6.00
Dressed hogs ..... 5.00@6.00
Veal ..... 5@6
Mutton ..... 5@6
Lambs, each ..... 1.00@2.00
Turkeys ..... 10@12
Chickens ..... 8@10
Ducks ..... 10@12
Geese ..... 10@12
Hides, fair ..... 6@6½
Hides, dry ..... 10@12
Calfskins ..... 10@12
Sheepskins ..... 1.00@1.25
Tallow, rough ..... 5@6
Tallow, rendered ..... 8@9
Lard ..... 10@12
Butter, roll ..... 15@18
Butter, firkin ..... 12@14
Cheese ..... 8@9
Eggs ..... 10@12
Potatoes ..... 25@30
Onions ..... 40@50
Apples, dried ..... 2@3
Apples, green ..... 1.00@1.50
Cranberries ..... 1.00@1.25
Wood, hard ..... 3.00@3.50
Wood, soft ..... 2.00@2.50
Coal, Scranton ..... 5.00@5.50
Coal, Pittston ..... 5.00@5.50
Coal, Shamokin ..... 5.00@5.50
Coal, Lehigh ..... 5.00@5.50
Salt, bbl ..... 1.75@2.00
Salt, bushel ..... 40@45
Salt, Onondaga ..... 1.75@2.00
Plaster, ton ..... 3.00@3.50
Plaster, ground ..... 4.00@4.50
Ashes, pearl ..... 6.25@6.50
Ashes, pot ..... 6.25@6.50
Brooms, each ..... 25@30

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Pork—Market still unsettled; sales of 3,000 bbls. on spot here, chiefly at late prices; 40 @ 50 cts. lower for future delivery; sales of 10,000 bbls. at $15.50 @ 15.75 for mess; $13.75 @ 14.00 for prime; $16.75 @ 17.00 for prime mess; $18.00 @ 18.50 for extra prime mess. Cumberland cloud prime, sold at $14.00 @ 14.50. Beef—Market dull and heavy; sales of 300 bbls. at $5.00 @ 6.00 for country prime; $6.00 @ 6.50 for country mess; $7.00 @ 8.00 for repacked Chicago mess; $8.00 @ 10.00 for extra do. Beef hams—Market dull and heavy; sales of 50 bbls. at $18.00 @ 19.00 for Ohio; $22.00 @ 23.00 for Western. Cut meats—Market dull and heavy; sales of 200 pkgs. at 6½ @ 7½ cts. for pickled hams; 6½ @ 7½ cts. for pickled bellies; 5½ @ 6½ cts. for pickled shoulders. Lard—Market dull and heavy; sales of 100 bbls. at 8½ @ 9 cts. Tallow—The receipts for the Cumberland to day and the market is dull and heavy; sales of 50,000 lbs. at 7½ @ 7¾ cts. Whisky—Market dull and heavy.

ALBANY, April 1.—Pork—Mess—There is a moderate demand; sales of 100 bbls. at $15.50 @ 15.75; 40 @ 50 cts. lower for future delivery; sales of 10,000 bbls. at $15.50 @ 15.75 for mess; $13.75 @ 14.00 for prime; $16.75 @ 17.00 for prime mess; $18.00 @ 18.50 for extra prime mess. Cumberland cloud prime, sold at $14.00 @ 14.50. Beef—Market dull and heavy; sales of 300 bbls. at $5.00 @ 6.00 for country prime; $6.00 @ 6.50 for country mess; $7.00 @ 8.00 for repacked Chicago mess; $8.00 @ 10.00 for extra do. Beef hams—Market dull and heavy; sales of 50 bbls. at $18.00 @ 19.00 for Ohio; $22.00 @ 23.00 for Western. Cut meats—Market dull and heavy; sales of 200 pkgs. at 6½ @ 7½ cts. for pickled hams; 6½ @ 7½ cts. for pickled bellies; 5½ @ 6½ cts. for pickled shoulders. Lard—Market dull and heavy; sales of 100 bbls. at 8½ @ 9 cts. Tallow—The receipts for the Cumberland to day and the market is dull and heavy; sales of 50,000 lbs. at 7½ @ 7¾ cts. Whisky—Market dull and heavy.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 31.—The extreme prices for the week at the markets are as follows:

	BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality		$5.00@5.25
Ordinary quality		4.50@5.00
Common quality		3.50@4.00
Inferior quality		3.00@3.50
	SHEEP AND CALVES.	
First quality		$5.00@5.50
Ordinary quality		4.50@5.00
Common quality		3.50@4.00
Inferior quality		3.00@3.50
	SWINE.	
First quality		$5.00@5.25
Ordinary quality		4.50@5.00
Common quality		3.50@4.00
Inferior quality		3.00@3.50
Stags		2@3
Dairy cows		30@40
Other qualities		20@25

The receipts for the week ending this day were 30,000 head, against 30,000 last week. The week this last, there are still on hand 1,000 head, against 1,000 last week. The week this last, there are still on hand 1,000 head, against 1,000 last week. The week this last, there are still on hand 1,000 head, against 1

CONSOLATION.

Thrush song, low-born, your heart—
At bottom of the fields know thee,
The proudest friends with you have been,
When you were proudest with them.
You trust in Fortune still.
So sought art when Midas
Who came did ease or blight,
That bequest of the beauty
Look proud, and pass them by;
And former hero companions
Whisper the same and flatterers
The ears of Success are tightness,
No—dish Misfortune's fever:

And yet, though down, poor heart—
Thy connection with Man—
The Ourselves still believe in thee,
And Self's strongest weak-thee
To hear, and not rejoice.
Then, true friend, fight this creed,
Shame also on the mire;
The noble Self and the noblest
Alike receive the fee
The knowledge every day.
That blossoms on the sod,
And yet, like you the tree, showed,
And Grass the light of God! *Leisure Forum.*

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker]

CHARLEY HOLMES;

OR,

THE CONSEQUENCES OF INDECISION

BY MRS. M. A. LAYBURN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful morning in spring, when Charley filled his dinner basket, received his usual kiss with the injunction to be a good boy, and started for school. The birds were filling around him on every side, pouring forth such a gush of music that it seemed as if their little throats must burst, trifling were flashing about upon flowers in the sunshine, bees were cooking, cows were cropping, and even the soldier old cows appeared to catch the spirit of general rejoicing, and to enter into the prolonged notes in concert with the rest. Charley was happy, and whistled. Trudging a corner of his head, he saw two boys, not far ahead of him, sitting in the corner of the fence. A fob-pole lay between them, and when they saw Charley approaching, they whispered slyly, then startling up, one said,

"Say, boys, Charley,—" and as he spoke opened a box of coveling eagle worms.

"What are you going to do?" asked Charley.

"Oh, you 'll see time to go and fish, wouldn't you?" said David Lyon, the larger boy.

"I know now," retorted Charley,—"you are going a fishing."

"Well, what if we are; whose business is it?" replied Ezekiah Sloane, a hard looking fellow, and he spoke, he lowered the box of worms down into his pants pocket, where were subtly deposited tobacco, rusty nails, strings, and fishhooks.

"No, Ezek, the teacher, might think it was his, if he should find it out, for it's about time to go to school, Charley.

At this, Ezekiah laughed aloud, and said, "Let old Noah and his bigots stick on Mount Ararat; we'll skide by the rocky, cotton on, Dave."

David took up his pole and said, "Come, Charley, it's too late for school, and if you slid afraid of your age, you had better go, too."

Charley had determined that very morning to be a "real good boy," but now he began to parley with his conscience, which said, "Go to school" and as he stood wildly his mother's admonishing, it seemed as those wished boys continued to delight him, calling him "a little sissy," and various other pointless names, till he yielded to the temptation, and went, overcome behind old boss and barrels, and down back roads and lanes, to avoid the eyes of his father, till he was fairly out of sight, and on the way to the river. When he reached it he felt quite like sinking down, and as he had had the premises of the girls, he took his usual concerned feeling. The boys, however, soon wished to go on further, and demanded the pole, which Charley was not willing to give up, for he had purely kept council followed, which ended in his being placed from the log into the water. This decided him off considerably, and he was quite willing to give up the contest.

Charley had expected a good time, but so he he had not been happy a moment—and he determined, with as he was before an end would be a little of pastime. When he came up, a few grown passed back and forth, but they were soon forgotten, and their trouble were as good friends again as ever.

Coming in sight of the canal, they observed upon one of the barges stretched to a boat, a goon rigged little sloop, whose pattern and sickly appearance was enough to make a person weep; but Ezekiah immediately called out, "Come on, boys, let us go home for the little sloop is ready!" and starting from his fishy pocket one of his "caricatures," told David to reach in the straw, while he, from the other side, would help him from his home.

Charley was shocked, and begged of them to let the little boy alone; but they only made faces at him, and as the boat he reached the canal, and it was not only thrown from the home, but actually at the bottom of the water. The following gentle, the fusion,—the giving of orders, the screaming of the passengers, and the setting of the poles; while one man jumped ashore to place himself to the rescue of the child. "Little Watch," as they called him, when he should come up. Ezekiah and David were terrified with guilt—and supposing that the man was, of course, after them, he, as the wicked always do, began to run pursuit, and were not heard from again that day.

As the moments the boat moved up, Willie was not found, and all hope of saving him was gone. Charley sat down upon the ground, over which he flew with his hands, and wished most heartily that he had gone to school. Hearing some one call, "Where have you been?" he jumped up, and running forward, saw his poor boy lagging forlornly upon a man's arm with the water pouring from his mouth, hair, and rags. A child of horror ran through Charley's heart, and he hastened down into the cabin, and saw the energetic efforts of those who labored to bring back the life which seemed extinct. Somewhile another driver had taken the horses, and trotting them rapidly, early a short time passed before they reached the village, when they called in a physician. Every one looked anxiously into the face as he laid his fingers upon the cold, wet wrist, and to their many inquiries he only said, as he shook his head solemnly, "No signs of life."

Among the crowd who rushed upon the boat to see the drowned boy, Charley discovered his father; who was intent upon doing something to resuscitate the victim; but he did not, at first, notice him. At length his eyes fell upon him, and he started in surprise; for he had heard that the boy had been pushed into the canal by cruel school boys, and he now plainly found that Charley was one of them.

Perhaps that was not exactly why he pushed, and bore by Dr. Sinaton, an elder physician, and invited to accompany him to the poor boy's home.

For a long time nothing which was done seemed of any use; and when he came to give up in despair, fifth signs of life revived their hopes. The doctor then ordered the boy to be carried out of the wind, and Mr. Hosmer motioning to Charley to follow, went ashore. As soon as they were on land, Charley confessed all of his due-believing to his father; for he was too prudent now to wish to conceal or screen his sin. His father was greatly pained when her dear son appeared before her, with his soiled and wet clothing, and his face overflowing with guilt and shame; but especially did she weep for the poor driver, who, her husband informed her, was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, who died, leaving Widow Fenwick and two sons to mourn. She had failed to come for him, as had been expected, the poor boy was obliged to go upon the canal for a living. Mrs. Hosmer had followed expenses of all kind, and he had that day received from the store in the village to restore the unpleasant loss he sustained.

Charley wept bitterly, and promising future obedience, begged of his mother to forgive him. Thinks would yet prove his sorrow, as he had so often deceived her, but sent him into the nursery to change his clothes. As he came out he was met by a servant, who told him that his little sister Nellie, whom she upon she had left in the nursery with Willie, appeared that he was not allowed to see or speak to her.

That evening, as Mr. Hosmer gathered his family around the evening lamp, he called upon his son to repeat Charley, from his day's experience, the impropriety of acting strictly when the right was plain before him, and he had it stopped to perfect with us, he would surely fail.

CHAPTER II.

The officers, Ezek Sloane and David, were duly at Mr. Hosmer door the next morning, and as Charley answered the bell,

"We are ordered to take you to the Court House in Bridgeport," said they, and he knew at once that they had into the canal yesterday."

"Yes," replied Noah, "he is the one who did it, and he shall be punished."

"Thats so," called in David.

Mrs. Hosmer informed them that he would be down with his own after breakfast, to which they made no objection, and he finally went away, and left Charley table. Charley could eat nothing, and his father and mother, and told them that he hoped his home he was hearing would convince him that his persecution of the poor fatherless, and that in the present place, confidence in boys who were trying to lead him from what he knew to be right. Charley begged him to speak the truth that day, he took his hat to go. Charley kissed his mother, and after one more look at his little sister, who was now quiet and asleep, were, left the house. It was found that he was called out for a witness that day when he was free from the clear and open manner in which he made his statements, he was ordered to sit by the side of speaking the truth.

The evidence against Ezekiah and David was sufficient, and as they had long been a trouble to the village and a source of annoyance, other complaints were brought forward, and before twelve o'clock that day, these two ungrateful fellows were on their way to the State Prison, where their case was to be examined, and made to work, till they should be brought fit to appear again in the world.

For several days following these events, little Nellie continued to sink under disease, and the hope of her recovery nearly died out in each aching heart. Charley, with his whole heart, clung around her bed, anxious to do something for her sake, and he was never known to disobey his mother. Feeling his arm around her neck, he said, "Nellie, you know I am sorry for what I have done, and I will never do so again." Nellie looked up with a sweet smile, and said, "I know you will, Charley," and then closed her eyes, and lay as if sleeping.

Hearing her father speak, she turned her eyes upon him, and said, "Papa, you know that he felt it was best a farewell before her angel mother, and would bear her back to God who gave her. Not as we would have her, but as he knew best, and with a bright and happy face, he exclaimed,

"Oh, I am glad, glad, glad! Charley, dear sister! Oh mother, see how she looks as she!"

"I would not call back her, my child," said he mother, gently drawing him back; "she may be only passing upon her wing to give us a parting look."

Nellie received no other refreshment from a spoon, after which, appearing tired, she closed her eyes, and lay as if sleeping. The father and mother called often through the day, and as no change for the worse appeared, all hope for that dear child was past, and that she would soon be well. Charley ne'er did slept with the conditions appointed him, which appeared to be approaching for God, then early raising himself, he leaned upon his elbow as his mother entered.

"How is Nellie, mother?" was the first inquiry; and Charley efficiently assured her that for a answer. Mrs. Hosmer seated herself upon the bed, and taking one of his hands, said,

"How soul his angels for her has right, and they have taken her away."

For many minutes the room mingled freely over their and bereavement, his becoming more composed, Mrs. Hosmer said,

"Dear husband my son, and go down and see Nellie, whenever are you, but she is with her dear Savior and the blessed earth, where we may hope to meet her."

The boy passed through the front hall into the parlor—where upon a sofa by the door lay one of his little sleeper—Charley's heart seemed to be giving way under him, and he held tightly to his mother's hand. Mrs. Hosmer led him to the side of the bed, before the pretty spaced windows, and gently waved the white drapery. The sunshine streamed from the waves of freshly pathed flowers which stood upon the table, while they were mingled with the sweet perfume of roses. With a trembling hand Mrs. Hosmer removed the cloth, and exposed the sweet and placid features of the dear one. And for a moment Charley gazed in silence, then throwing his arms across the body, he kissed her lips. Calling her his dear, dear sister. It was in vain that his mother tried to comfort him by saying that Nellie was now a little lamb in the good Shepherd's bosom, freed from all pain and sickness, he pulled to tears, and throwing himself upon the floor, wept aloud. And were the eyes for him that loved; especially as was this he who had been the dear body of his sister laid in earth, where it was to remain till Christ shall come to wake and call the sleepers home. At length, then, that great extender of sympathy, pain, was given to the mourners, and in a few weeks and months went by, he grew cheerful and happy. [To be continued.]

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 6, 23, 24, 36, 14 was a Roman general.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 was a Roman emperor.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 was a Grecian philosopher.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 was a Roman poet.
My 28, 34, 26, 31, 32, 4 was a Roman general.
My 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 was the last Roman emperor.
My 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 was a brave Roman soldier.
My 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 was a Grecian ballad poet.
My 48, 54, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57 was a Roman lyric poet.
My 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75 was a Roman historian.
My 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115,